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READING ROOM

RETURN TO STACKS
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CRANE, WALTER
FLOWER WEDDING
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A FLOWER WEDDING

DESCRIBED BY
TWO WALLFLOWERS

DECORATED BY
WALTER
CRANE

CASSELL & COMPANY 1905

720

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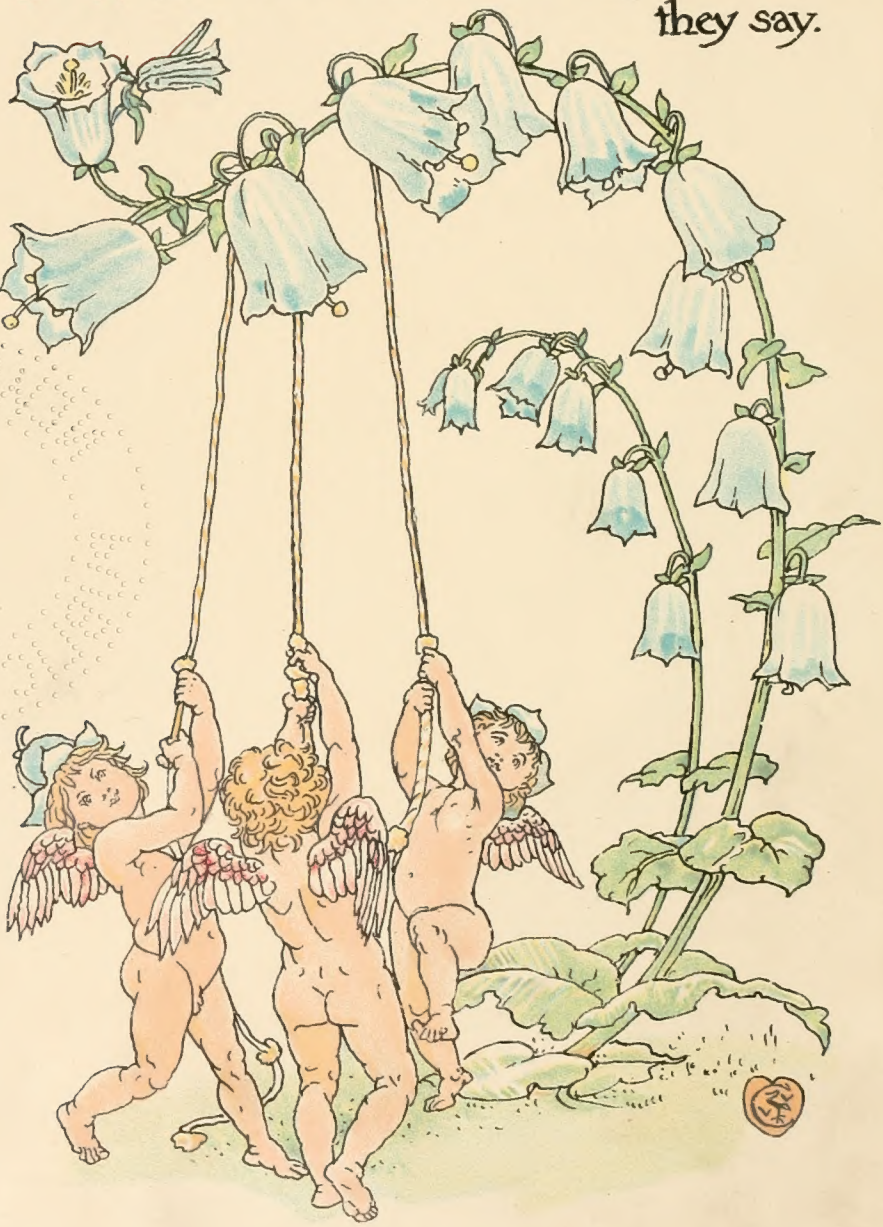
THE CITY OF NEW YOR

A·FLOWER·WEDDING

Yes, flower bells rang right merry that day,
When there was a marriage of flowers, they say.



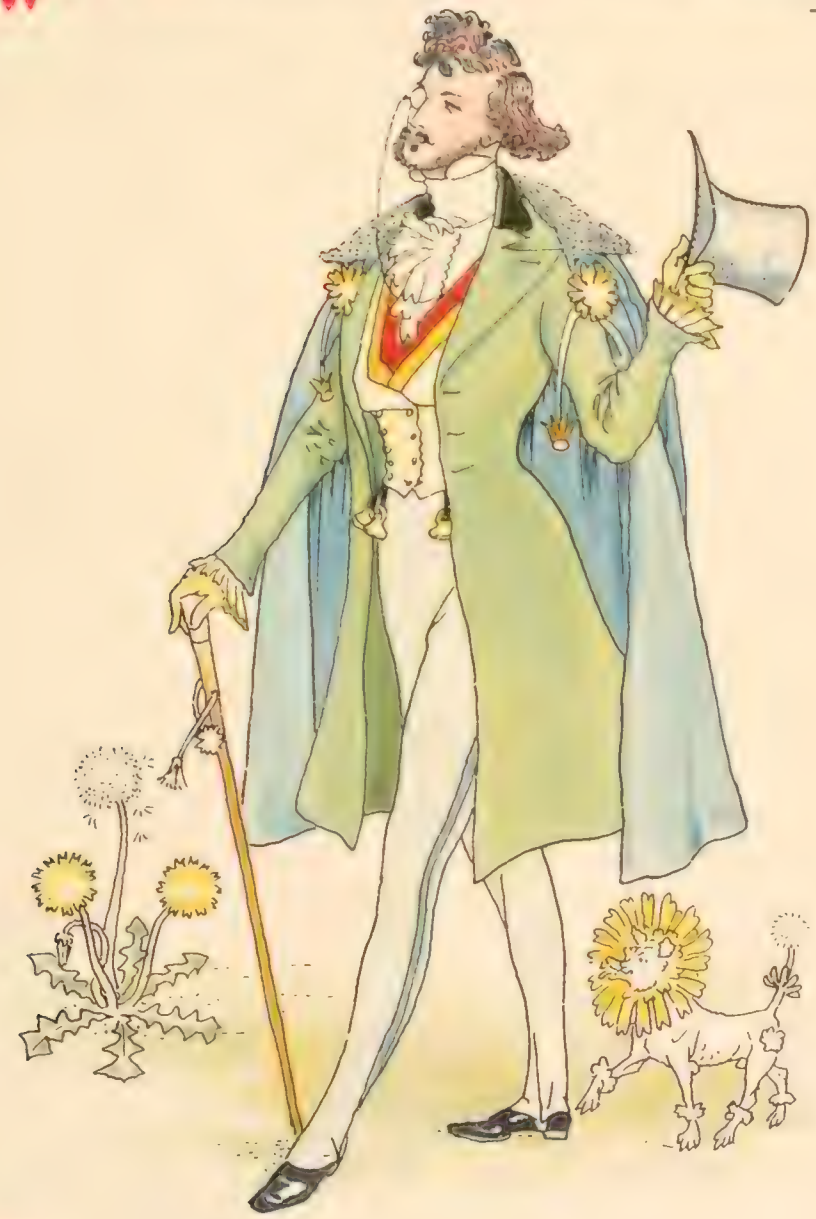
Young LAD'S LOVE had courted Miss Meadow.
And the two soon agreed at the Altar Sweet,
to meet.

A LILY white robe was worn by the Bride,
And SWEET WILLIAM, the Groom, drest in red, at her side.

Miss VIOLET, PRIMROSE, and gay MARYGOLD,
With their LADIES' FINGERS her train did uphold.

Whilst her father looked young, though
with OLD MAN'S BEARD.

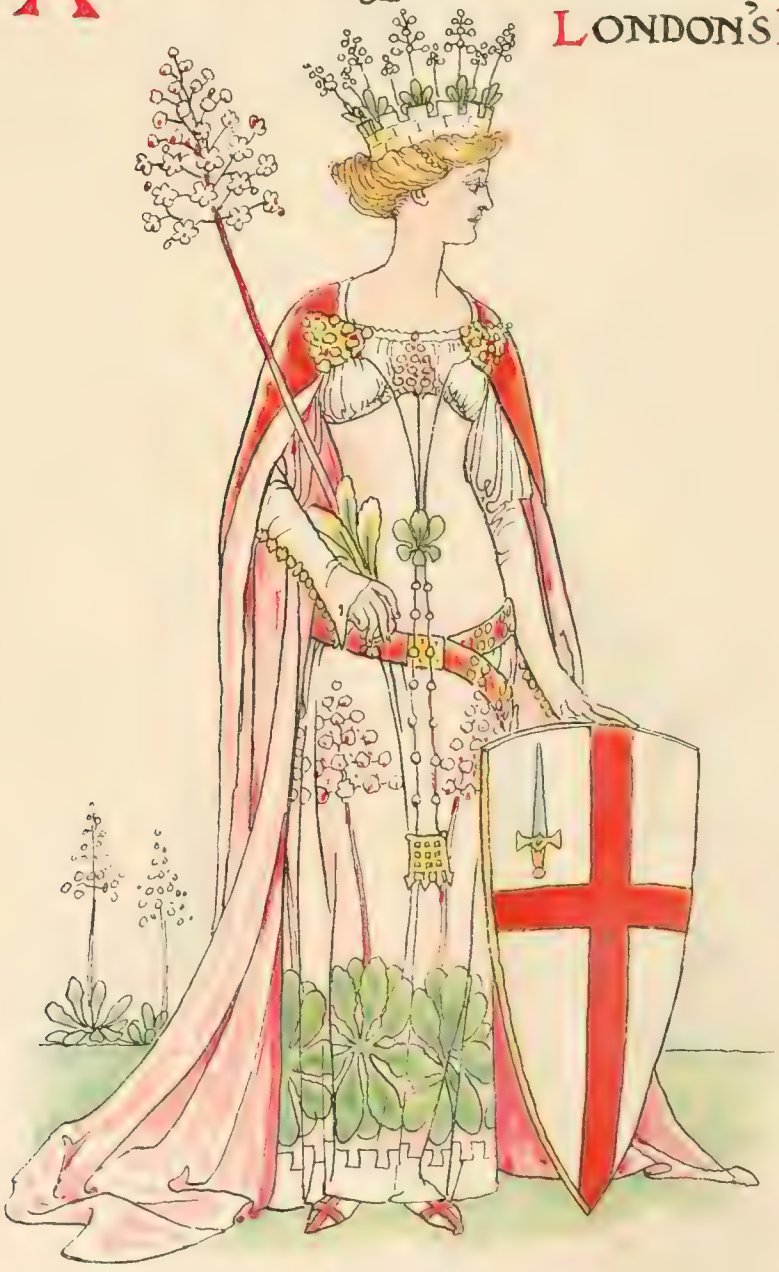
(Was a DANDELION in youth I have heard.)



The troth was plighted for woe or for weal,
And the lines attested by SOLOMON'S SEAL:

The BACHELOR'S BUTTON was cast aside,

And the throng that witnessed was
LONDON'S PRIDE:



There was GOOD KING HENRY, & tall
JONQUIL,

Like NARCISSUS himself by the waters still;

There were LORDS & LADIES to grace the dance,

And ROSE MARY, and—

ROSE·LA·FRANCE:

With his GOLDEN ROD

the SWEET SULTAN came;

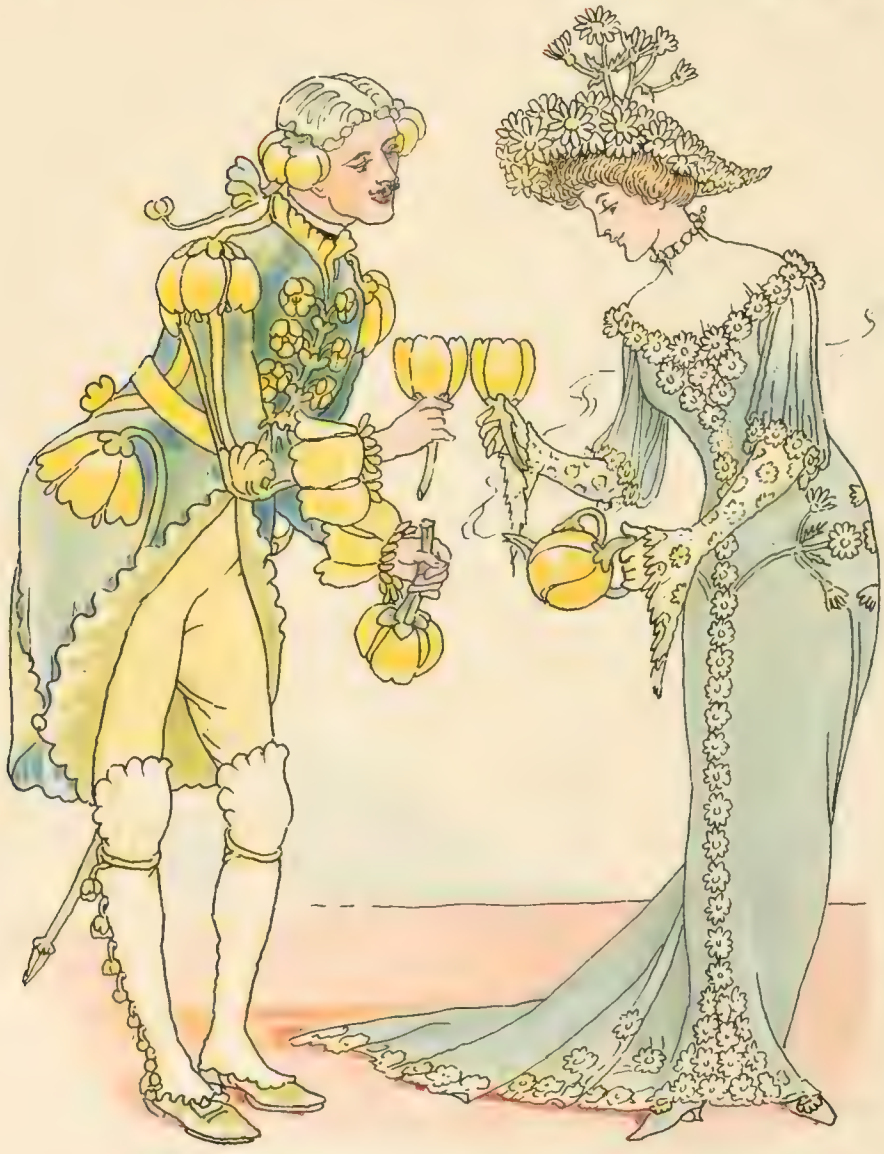
Lastly, CREEPING JENNY, an elderly dame

To order the feast – there was LING,
and HARTSTONGUE,

And GOOSEFOOT with SAGE, the
HOUSE-LEEK among

Very SWEET PEAS, & GOOD CHERRY PIE,
Such a feast as an Alderman could not deny!

In lovely KING-CUPS there was
CHAMOMILE TEA



And the fortune in gifts was a wonder to see!
A new
PENNY-ROYAL,
A fine GOLDEN
FEATHER;

A pair of HORSE-CHESTNUTS,

a JACOB'S LADDER,

18990

VENUS'S-LOOKING-GLASS,

a fine ARROW-HEAD
Discovered long since in the river's
bed;

Garments of FLAX,

and a LADY'S CUSHION;

HOSE-IN-HOSE, LADY'S SLIPPERS to put on,

BUTTERCUPS gold, and a PITCHER-PLANT,
Nay, everything that a house could want.

In VENUS'S-FLY-TRAP the pair drove away,

"SPEEDWELL, and be happy," their friends
gaily say;

But alack! what a hubbub when one chanced to find
The Bride's only BOX
was there left behind!

The WILD-THYME they had, and the fuss
Kept the guests in a rout thro' the that was made
DEADLY NIGHT SHADE.

But the CLOCKS ticked apace to the ope of DAIS-Y
SNOWFLAKES were fast falling when all said good-bye,

With regrets for "that box",—yet they need
not to stint,

For the Bridegroom
was rich, he'd a
post at the
MINT

THE HONEYMOON
FINIS